

i took what was offered and ran

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/53316235) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/53316235>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationships:	Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade & Phil Watson Philza , Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson Philza
Characters:	Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson Philza
Additional Tags:	Piglin Hybrid Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Piglin Hybrid TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Avian Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , platonic possessive sleepy bois , Kidnapping , Dark Sleepy Bois Inc , hibernation , Platonic Relationships , not a baby fic yay , Street Kid TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , for the first time dream is not evil in this fic , i forgot to put him in here , Animal Instincts , Forced adoption , no beta we die like dream in every fic i write , Possessive Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 12 of Something Wicked This Way Comes
Collections:	Jingle Jangle Supreme , DreamSMPFics , SBI but I'm ✨M e n t a l l y I l l ✨ , bee's fics for ariel , Sk1tats
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-26 Words: 8,331 Chapters: 1/1

i took what was offered and ran

by [Flustered](#)

Summary

Tommy hated the cold. But he hated piglins a helluva lot more.

Always so big, towering above the humans. Grunting and looking all big and intimidating. And then they would see him and go, "hey come with me," as if Tommy didn't struggle and fight to make his own life here. Sure, he might be a piglin hybrid but that didn't mean shit. He tried his honest to prime hardest to be in-de-pen-dant and these fuckers were ignoring that.

They never took no as an answer.

.

.

(he gets yoinked.)

Notes

 DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

Tommy in a California-like enviroment that dips five degrees: why is it so cold
Techno, decked out in heavy warm clothes: you aint see nothin yet kid

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The cold was a slight dip in temperature. The mild weather that came during winter was a blessing in disguise. Even so, Tommy was painfully aware of it. L'Manburg was far from the north and south, leaving it to have blisteringly hot summers and mediocre winters. Fall was moving past in a blink of an eye. And soon, Tommy would bundle himself up with as many rags he could find.

The one thing that made winter a slightly bit more poggers was the fact that piglins fucked off to the nether and didn't come back until spring was almost over. They were a sensitive bunch, a bit more than Tommy, figuring they shared half their genes with each other. But Tommy was a big man, he could deal with being in the overworld. Even as the temperatures only dipped slightly. Making him shiver every night, even if it would cause most humans to sweat in their sleep.

Tommy hated the cold. But he hated piglins a helluva lot more.

Always so big, towering above the humans. Grunting and looking all big and intimidating. And then they would see him and go, "hey come with me," as if Tommy didn't struggle and fight to make his own life here. Sure, he might be a piglin *hybrid* but that didn't mean shit. He tried his honest to prime hardest to be in-de-pen-dant and these fuckers were ignoring that.

They never took no as an answer.

Tommy hated them.

They always tried to chase him. Ugly fuckers were so persistent. Thankfully, they never looked up. Tommy had climbed more than one building, or sometimes a tree, to get away. It didn't help they were fucking fast, but Tommy spent his life on the streets of L'manburg. He knew every brick on the road. He knew which spots of town he ought to avoid, and which he could show his face around. The piglins didn't have a chance.

But it also fucking sucked when Tommy was trying to pickpocket a shitty asshole and a piglin started to chuff at him. He couldn't *steal* when the crowd's attention was drawn to him. That was the opposite of keeping a low profile.

Tommy shivered under his three shirts, pulling a thick but lumpy hat down over his ears again. It was barely ten degrees below the normal temperature. But it was already freezing. He still made himself get out of his bed today. A pile of rags in a dark corner of an abandoned building that nobody liked to visit. It was warmer to stay in his makeshift bed than be out and about on a cold day, but this was the most productive time of the year for Tommy. He had to make up some savings before the piglins came back to town. It was a short time frame, and winter didn't last long here.

Tommy shivered again and blew his breath into his cold fingers. He was the only one to do so on the street. Everybody else were wearing a few more layers, but they walked around without care. It wasn't like it could snow here. It was far too warm. Just endless rain, every day, for months.

The clouds overhead were thick and low, threatening to unload it's contents if anybody dared to look at it. Tommy would stand out in the rain for the next few hours. That would suck even more. He rubbed his hands together to keep them warm and flexible.

He just needed to get a couple of coins. That's all. Just a few. He won't snatch any from the normal folk. Even though he's seen plenty of opportunities so far. He wanted the rich fuckers. One or two come down every day to the market. To gloat or "experience" the common people's lives. It sucked, but it also gave Tommy enough coin that he didn't have to steal from other struggling people like himself.

Tommy bounced on his heels a bit, trying desperately to ward away the chill in the air. He brought his hands up again to blow his breath on his palms again when he saw a mark enter the far side of the market. They didn't wear a familiar crest. But some rich folk like to pretend they aren't from a fancy ass family and wear plain clothes. Plain clothes to them, anyways. They were always noticeable to anybody with a brain.

The man's clothes didn't have holes in them, nor were they frayed. They looked thick. Actually, really nicely thick. With extra layers. Tommy wished he could have clothes like that. Tommy inched forwards, watching the man walk. Even his gait was fancy as hell. All strong like and purposeful. His red cape flicked out at his heels.

Yeah, this was a real rich fella.

Tommy didn't catch a look at his face, instead he scanned the man up and down until he saw it. At the belt, there was a thick purse. It was sewn in nicely, trying to protect it from being snatched. Even disguised a bit. But Tommy knew the sight of coins. If there was one thing that Tommy knew about, it was gold.

All he could see was his warm little bed. The idea of snuggling up under the ratty blankets was all he could think about as he started to move. Keeping himself to the edge of the market. Pressed up to the stalls as close as he could, keeping a hooded eye on the rich fucker.

Tommy watched the man meander around. Pausing at a few stalls to peer at whatever merchandise there. Spices and shit, the kind that grew only down here. Traders made a killing with it. A few coins exchanged hands, which meant less money for Tommy to steal, much to his irritation.

The cold was starting to seep in. People were not dressed up in as many layers as Tommy was. Simply donning longer pants and a thicker tunic. But they didn't have piglin blood in them. His body wanted the endless heat of the nether, not that Tommy had ever been in there. He was dumped at a shitty orphanage that required the kids to work at the docks for meals.

Tommy hated the docks. Too much nasty shit down there. And besides, he didn't need any shitty adult giving him their leftovers. He was a big man. He could take care of his own problems.

As long as he could steal the purse without getting caught, then Tommy could survive for a while without having to leave his nest of blankets. The idea of it made him step after the rich man. Keeping his distance. Sneering at the shop owners who gave him dirty looks.

The hat thankfully covered up his pointed ears. Otherwise he would be more than just a face in the crowd. Tommy's tusks hadn't grown big enough to poke from his mouth. So he didn't have to wear a scarf. Yet. It was a matter of time before he was old enough to shoot up in height. Get as big as a brute, maybe. Tommy could still pass as a human.

Tommy watched for his moment. But there wasn't a perfect time yet. The man either waited for big groups to disperse, or the crowd would simply weave around him. There wasn't the exact moment that Tommy knew he could go in and swipe the purse. It was still heavy with coins, despite the man purchasing things.

Time was running out. And if Tommy didn't get the purse, then he wasted a day out on the cold streets. That means Tommy would have to go outside again tomorrow and hope another mark made their way down into the streets. Judging by the clouds, it would be raining by then. Which was *worse*.

So he took a chance.

Darting around the crowd of people, Tommy figured it was now or never. His feet tapped on the ground quickly as he made his way through the throng. Men shouted swear words at Tommy when he knocked over their bags, women hissing threats to stay away-

And there it was.

Right under the man's arm. Big and full of coins, tied to the belt with only a loop of leather. Tommy had a dulled knife to cut through it.

Tommy didn't even get that close.

A thick hand, heavy and impossibly big, clamped down on Tommy's shoulder. Fingers digging into Tommy's shoulder and pulled him away. The dull knife clattered to the ground as Tommy's momentum suddenly stopped.

It was then that Tommy finally looked up. And into the man's face.

Marks were faceless people, Tommy never noted anything besides what clothes and what he could steal from them. He never looked above their shoulders, really. It was a habit. And it turns out, a bad one.

Tusks jutted out of the man's lower lips, a band of gold wrapped around one. A sign of a brute. Red eyes that matched piglin blood, and pointy ears that poked through the man's rather astonishingly pink hair that was braided down the man's side. He wasn't a full blooded piglin, they would have never left their portals in this weather.

If Tommy had known that the man had been a piglin hybrid, he would have just gone back to his bed.

Tommy's mouth dropped in shock, and it was clear the man noticed the tiny tusks. His red eyes narrowed, and he let out a questioning low snort.

With a twist of his neck, Tommy turned and bit the heavy hand holding him. It worked before, when piglins managed to grab him. They were always so shocked. This time was no different, the hand let him go. And Tommy dove back into the mass of people. Squirming between legs to disappear back into the throng.

Usually there were sharp snorts or even a dismayed squeal as Tommy booked it from a piglin. Usually they tried to wade through the crowds directly after Tommy. Resulting in shouts and chaos. Sometimes resulting in overturned carts or merchandise. But this time, aside from his own pounding feet and heart in his chest, Tommy heard nothing. The noise of the market place was full of people laughing and chatting and bargaining.

Tommy didn't look back. That's how they got you. Instead he raced forwards, ducking and weaving and taking the best shortcuts he found. He must've lost the bastard quickly. Tommy was the fucking king of the backstreets. He knew every passage, even the shitty ones. He squirmed between two wiggly fence slats and into a different alleyway before pausing for the first time. Leaning up against a wall and taking in a few deep breaths.

Not that he was fucking tired or anything. Nope, he's too big of a man to ever get out of breath. It was cold, though. Even running, the slight nip in the air was too cold for him. It made him slower than normal. And he hated it.

Tommy huffed and puffed and then let out a long string of curses. And then turned to head home. To his den full of old, but warm, blankets. Fuck all of this. Stupid mark. Stupid piglin hybrid. If Tommy hadn't been caught he'd have all the money he'd need for the rest of winter. All those coins. Wasted.

He'd try again tomorrow. Or maybe another day. Tommy's stomach twisted, but he still had a few hidden rations he could nibble on. He held his hands in front of his face and breathed on them. Hoping his breath would warm up his finger tips that had gone numb.

Gods above, Tommy absolutely hated the cold.

The sound of the rain hitting the roof above was a soothing noise. As was the constant drip that fell into a dented bucket from the leak in the ceiling. The noise was a bit muffled under the half a dozen blankets Tommy wrapped around himself. He was dozing lightly. The cold always made him feel sleepy after a while. And it was easy to sleep the days away.

But there was a soft sound. It made Tommy's ears flick under his cap and he went alert.

The rain continued to beat down on the metal roofing above. Tapping away rapidly. The bucket continued to slowly fill.

But there was something wrong.

Tommy wasn't stupid. He lived on the streets for too long. He learned to listen to his gut. And it said something hinky was going on. He also wasn't an idiot to completely wrap himself under his blankets. It would be too easy to be caught unaware and trapped under them.

After a few more seconds, Tommy wondered if he was just being paranoid. If he'd roll out from under his blankets and find nothing there. Then it would take forever to get them perfectly warm again.

It was better to just do it. Just in case.

Despite Tommy knowing that something was *off*, when he quickly rolled out from under the blankets the sight of a man standing in his home made him freeze in surprise.

"Well, this didn't go to plan." The man drawled almost bored- wait shit Tommy recognized this guy. The piglin hybrid from earlier! Oh fuck, he hunted Tommy down for revenge.

Tommy's moment of hesitation was his downfall.

The Brute lunged forwards. Faster than Tommy expected. Causing Tommy to stumble back, his feet getting caught in his own ratty blankets. Tommy hit the ground, and then there were massive hands on him.

Tommy yelled, then twisted to bite at the hands. But the same trick didn't work twice. And he was dragged flat onto the ground, his blankets sprawled out underneath sliding with him.

"Let go!" Tommy howled out, kicking and clawing wildly. But every hit felt like hitting a damned wall. One foot landed in the Brute's gut and he let out a huff. But that was all Tommy could muster.

Fingers wrapped around Tommy's throat and then they squeezed. Tommy let out a desperate gasp, but his breath wasn't restricted. No, the fingers were pressing on the back of his throat. The Brute grunted a sharp rebuke, and Tommy froze against his will.

The fingers pressed firmer, and the world tilted to the side. Tommy tumbled into it, helpless.

His hearing was getting fuzzy. And it felt like he was sleepy and numb at the same time. But weirdly aware of what was going on. But he couldn't do anything about it. His memory slipped through his hands like sand.

Tommy blinked, and discovered his own blankets wrapping him up in a tight bundle. He could barely shift back and forth. And he heard himself squeaking distantly, as if he was in a different room. There was a soothing rumble and fingers dragged through his hair- where did his hat go? And then they pressed up against his neck again and then-

He was outside. Rain, cold and wet, hit Tommy's face. And he twitched to move away from it. And then something covered him up.

Murmur of voices. Shifting back and forth. A hand on his head, playing with his hair as a horse neighed impatiently. The jingle of reigns and the clop of hooves on cobblestone.

Every time Tommy thought he was close to regaining a semblance of sanity back, those fingers would cup around his neck and then he was gone again. Lost in the buzzing tilting world that didn't make any sense. It was frightening.

The first sound that actually stuck out to Tommy was birdsong. The smell of fresh rain and another scent that made Tommy's nose scrunch up. When he finally pried one eyelid open, it was all green. It took a second for his vision to focus but there were trees. Lots of them.

There was a white horse nibbling on the wet grass on the ground. Its tail flicked back and forth, its saddle missing. A campfire struggled to stay lit, the wood popping and smoldering.

The shadow next to Tommy shifted. Tommy could barely blink before he was staring into the Brute's face. The light from the campfire cast a dark shadow across the Brute's stony expression. A shiver, one that didn't come from the cold, ran down Tommy's spine.

There was a moment of silence. And then a large hand cupped Tommy's chin. Fingers digging in slightly to grab it. Pulling his head up as the Brute inspected his prize.

And then to Tommy's horror, a lip peeled back. Exposing more of the Brute's tusk. A dark grin of delight. His red eyes alight with a familiar sight. Tommy knew what it meant. Greed.

The Brute lowly drawled out, "it's nice to meet you, *Runt*."

It took less than a day before Tommy wormed his way to freedom and escaped.

Well, he did his best. But the stupid asshole caught him. Tommy had little legs, and they were in the middle of bumfuck nowhere. In the city, Tommy could disappear like the wind. He knew all of the streets to take. But that knowledge didn't transfer to the middle of the woods.

Tommy was hoisted back onto the saddle before the day was through. And he spent the night trapped in his own blankets. When the sun was changing the color of the dark night sky, Tommy was already on escape number two. His finger tip felt almost raw from how long he had picked at his old worn blankets. The cloth came apart until he was freed again.

This time he had a plan. Last time he bolted like a wild deer. This time he carefully crept away, avoiding making noise. When he was absolutely *certain* he was far away Tommy scaled up a tree. The bark scraped against his palms. Until he was perched in the branches, hidden from view.

Tommy was pretty smug about this particular plan. Because piglins never look up. And clearly the Brute would *never*-

"Is there a good view up there?" At the base of the tree stood the Brute, arms crossed, looking up at Tommy with his blank face.

Tommy scowled. Balling up his fists and then flicking his middle fingers at the Brute. The hybrid sighed, "at least you got a bit of exercise before we head out today." And then the Brute grabbed the lowest hanging branch and the entire tree shifted to the side as he heaved himself up. "Come here."

Tommy did not.

Despite his best efforts, Tommy was easily plucked out of the tree. He clutched to the branch with all of his strength and shouted insults the entire time before he was dragged back to the campsite. And within twenty minutes they were back on the horse, trotting through the woods. The shredded remains of his blanket were now used to tie up his wrists to the pommel. An arm wrapped around Tommy's stomach, pressing him up against the Brute's torso. Tommy scowled the entire ride.

"No."

If Tommy's wrists weren't tied together, he would have his arms crossed against his chest. His face twisted into a furious glower.

"You're shivering." The Brute held out his bright red cape. It's collar was made of thick white fur. The quality of it was better than all of the blankets combined. But it was the enemy. It stank of the Brute's scent. And Tommy refused to cover himself with it. Even if it meant he was cold.

"No." Tommy repeated, twisting his body to face away from the cape. "I don't need it."

The Brute's nose flared with irritation. But his expression stayed neutral. Tommy watched as the Brute's eyes pointedly looked at Tommy's bare arms and mud stained socked feet. Because the bastard didn't pick up Tommy's shoes while in the middle of kidnapping him. Fucking inconsiderate.

"Just take it, kid." The Brute nudged the cape closer to Tommy.

Tommy leaned away, words angrily slipping out, "*no*. You're not my sounder." To smell like another piglin was accepting the stupid claim and Tommy refused to. He wasn't going to take the stupid cape. It can go burn in the fire for all he cared. Even though it was clearly an expensive piece of clothing.

The Brute's red eyes narrowed. A low snarl thundering out of his chest. Tommy barely had time to regret before he was pinned to the ground, the Brute's tusks up against his neck. A deafening vibration that traveled through Tommy's chest, making his bones ache.

That was just a *growl*.

A soft high pitch whine filled the air. Tommy heard it first before realizing the pathetic noise was coming from *him*. His breath hitching in and out as he tried to hyperventilate but freezing in terror every few seconds.

There was a deep snort against Tommy's collarbone and then he was suddenly heaved upright. Dazed by the sudden motion, Tommy didn't fight as the red cape was wrapped around his shoulders. It was already warm against his back. Thick fingers carding through Tommy's hair, twirling the strands of gold before Tommy's chin was tilted up.

"You are my runt." The Brute spoke, his voice deceptively soft. But it brokored no argument. "I chose you. You're feisty, kid."

To Tommy's horror, he felt his eyes start to sting. "You abducted me."

"I'm taking you home." The Brute spoke, "sides, a runt like you out on the street is just asking for trouble." He patted Tommy's shoulder and stood up. "You'll learn, kid."

"My name isn't kid." Tommy sniffed, leaning away from the Brute. Keeping his head angled low so he didn't show his blotchy red face. "And don't touch me."

"Oh? And what is it?"

"Your name first."

The Brute snorted and Tommy flinched, "right. Forgot I didn't have Phil here to tell you things. I'm Technoblade."

Tommy muttered, "that's a stupid ass name."

"I like it."

This was the longest conversation that didn't devolve into Tommy yelling profanities at his kidnapper. Although Tommy was tempted, didn't feel like he could muster up his righteous anger for it. Getting pinned down and growled at by a massive kidnapper took the wind out of his sails.

"Are you going to tell me your name or shall I make one up?" Technoblade crossed his arms and tilted his head and Tommy really, *really* hated how it felt like he was in trouble.

Tommy pursed his lips tightly together and he really hated this. Hated all of this. He wanted to go home. Back to the city and his pile of undisturbed and whole blankets. Where his shoes were near the back door and with enough coin to survive the rest of the winter.

But even, if by some miracle, that ever did happen it would never be the same again. Tommy would have to find a new home. The blankets weren't there. And he was sure that his shoes were already gone. Stolen by another kid who might need them too.

"Tommy." Tommy grumbled under his breath. But he knew that Technoblade could hear it. He could hear anything Tommy was doing. Bastard.

"Tommy." Technoblade repeated, as if he was testing how the word felt in his mouth. Then he nodded sharply. "Well then, Tommy. Let's make dinner. We have a long day tomorrow."

Tommy grimaced.

After the third and fourth escape attempt, both the classic trick 'I have to pee, turn around' and then booking it when Techno's back was turned, Tommy was forced to stay close. Stupid idiot fell for the trick twice. But now Techno won't let Tommy out of his eyesight. Which was really annoying.

It was worse at night. Technoblade could wake up from the slightest noise, something that Tommy tested. But after the fourth escape attempt, Techno didn't allow Tommy to sleep by himself. Tommy was forced to press up against Techno's side. And every night it was a fight. Squirming away and trying to get a couple inches between them but Techno would just drag him back until Tommy was tucked under Techno's arm.

Bastard.

Honestly Tommy would have more of an issue with it if he didn't wake up freezing. Even with the shitty cape on. It was warm, but not that nice. Technoblade was a furnace in the morning. Even when Techno threw one of his long sleeved shirts at Tommy, adding another layer to wear, did nothing.

The more they traveled the more the air nipped at Tommy's skin. He got his hat back, shoving it over his ears and hair. That helped. But Techno didn't like it. Asshole kept touching Tommy's hair all the time.

One evening they stopped early and Techno tied Tommy to a fucking tree and *left*.

Not for long. But he just left Tommy *tied* to a *tree*. Tommy knew this was a good chance to run but the knots didn't *budge*. He rubbed his wrists nearly raw by the time Techno came back. His pack was full and a wolf pelt was thrown over his shoulder.

Techno tsked at Tommy's wrists before pulling him back onto the horse and riding a few more hours before night fell. He untied Tommy's restraints and rubbed at the skin with a soft feeling oil. Then he sat Tommy down on a rock before pulling out a pair of boots. Unlacing them with practiced sharp motions and then pulling them onto Tommy's feet.

"Wiggle your toes." Technoblade fingers pressing at the top of the shoe, and Tommy did so. "A bit too big. But they'll do. You can grow into them." And then Techno pulled the laces tight. Knotting them quickly.

"How did you do that?" Tommy spoke before thinking.

"Hm?"

"The, um. How did you tie them." Tommy wiggled one boot into the air.

"Hm." Techno cupped Tommy's raised foot and with two deft pulls, undid the knot. "Hold the two laces in each hand." He guided Tommy's hands down to grab them. "Now, cross them into an X. Pull one of them through the bottom hole. Tighten." The boot felt a little bit too tight.

Tommy followed the motions as Technoblade looped one lace, then pulled the other one around the base before making another loop. Then Tommy tugged on the loops until the knot tightened. It was uneven and the loops were too big. It felt too tight at the base of the boot and too loose at the top.

Tommy frowned at it. But Techno tugged it apart again. Leaving the two laces undone. “Try it again.”

Biting his lip, Tommy did it again. This time by himself while Techno watched. His boot propped up on Techno’s knee. Tommy only made one mistake, which Techno pointed out and corrected. But once again, it was sloppy. It didn’t look good.

“Good job.” Techno grunted, patting Tommy’s leg before putting his foot down. “Come and get some food before bed.”

Tommy took a few steps in the boots. They were really nice. Warm and soft. Yeah, a little bit big. But Tommy had hardly a chance to walk around since he was taken. Techno usually hauling him around. But these were the nicest piece of clothing Tommy ever had. The cape was clearly Techno’s but these shoes were only meant for *Tommy*. He liked them.

Not that Tommy would ever breathe a word of it. He wasn’t going to show any gratitude to Technoblade.

One morning, Tommy woke up pressed next to Techno. And it was *freezing*. Techno bundled Tommy up at night and even then it was the coldest Tommy had ever felt. The longer they traveled, the more frigid it became. This was the coldest Tommy had ever felt before.

Techno was already up, poking at the coals from last night. A pot of porridge already starting to simmer. Tommy slowly sat up, stiff with the cold. Holding his hands to his mouth to breathe some feeling into his fingers. But to Tommy’s utter amazement- his breath came out *white*.

Tommy didn’t understand. He breathed out into his palms and white smoke appeared before vanishing within a second.

Sure, he had seen some old, mean old drunks smoke before. And they’ve had cigars in their hands. But Tommy had never seen this before.

Tommy kept doing it. Watching it puff out of his mouth in amazement. Trying to reach up and touch it. Then he caught Techno watching him with quirked lips. Tommy stopped, tucking his hands into his armpits instead, scowling.

“Eat before it gets cold.” Techno held out a bowl of porridge and Tommy quickly swiped it from him. Scarfing it down even though steam rose off of it. Perks of being half piglin. He could eat things boiling hot and not burn his tongue.

Mid-bite, Tommy peered up at the sky. Glaring at the heavy looking clouds. Rain. Bleh. It would make traveling miserable. Techno had never stopped in towns. Going around them instead. Which made sense, because Tommy would scream for help. But that also meant no shelter from the weather.

While Tommy ate, Techno packed up the rest of camp. After, Techno took Tommy’s bowl and finished off the rest of the food. The horse was already saddled up, and all Techno had to

do was throw the bowl and pot into his bags and hoist Tommy up. And then they were off.

It was boring out on the road. Technoblade didn't talk unless Tommy asked a question. Nothing really happened. The most exciting thing was when Tommy spotted a couple of squirrels racing across the path.

Well, calling it a path would be an exaggeration. The main roads had been left behind. And they were moving on a less traveled path. Sometimes grass completely covered the dirt. Technoblade at least knew where they were going. Directing the horse expertly through trees and bushes until the dirt path reappeared.

Something moved past Tommy's vision. When he turned to look at it, there wasn't anything there. A trick of the light.

Tommy turned away, lost in his thoughts when he saw the same flicker again. This time he was faster, and he caught sight of something white floating in the air before touching the ground and disappearing.

Now that Tommy noticed it, he saw dozens of the same white dots floating in the sky. He moved his head back and forth, eyes wide, as he took it in. One drifted close, and Tommy reached out and touched it.

It was cold. And wet. Weird.

"First time?" Technoblade spoke up, making Tommy jump. He pulled his arms back under the thick cape and scowled. "Makes sense. You never left that city behind, did you?"

"Wish I was still there." Tommy muttered under his breath, but Technoblade ignored it.

"I remember the first time I saw snow." Techno mused, looking up at the sky. The sporadic white dots slowly drifting down. "At the time, I thought it was ash falling from the sky. But it's very different from the nether."

"I've never been there." Tommy mumbled. There was a portal in the city. But Tommy had never wanted to wander where the piglins lived. He had heard the horror stories, though. Ash covered travelers coming out, half of their belongings scorched from fire. Some of them coughing from the deadly fumes from lava. Others watching the sky as if waiting for something to attack them.

There was a pause, and then Techno flicked the reins. The horse began to trot a bit faster. "Good. If we are lucky, we can be home in a few days."

Really? It felt like weeks were spent on the road. It was an endless cycle. Wake up, get on the horse, ride until dusk, repeat. Tommy didn't know if he should be relieved that the journey was almost done or afraid of what would happen after.

There were mountains looming in the distance. Tommy had never seen mountains that large before. The tips were obscured by the clouds, so he didn't even know how tall they were. But

they were absolutely massive. The sides of it were caked with snow. Trees and rocks poking out from under it.

The snow continued to fall. The sight of it was mesmerizing. Watching the flakes dance their way to the ground. The closer they got to the mountains there were large patches of snow that covered parts of the road.

When the sun was sort of near it's peak, Techno stopped for lunch. Setting Tommy down to start a quick fire. Muttering under his breath as he snapped flint and steel together.

Tommy blinked owlishly. Rubbing at his free wrists. Techno had stopped tying him up while riding but whenever they stopped he would redo the bindings. But this time Techno left Tommy free. *And* turned his back.

For the first time in a while, Tommy's calculating gaze turned to his surroundings. But they had entered a forest days ago. There were nothing but trees and the old dirt path they followed. Climbing trees to escape wouldn't work. And neither would running. Technoblade was stupidly fast for such a big guy. Hiding wouldn't work either, with the big fat red cape that Tommy wore.

There really wasn't a way to run. It dawned on Tommy. That's why Techno didn't tie him up again.

Shit.

Tommy was truly fucked, wasn't he?

He took a few steps and paused when his boot hit a patch of snow. It sank in like mud. But it made a crunching noise. Tommy bent over to poke at it. He's *heard* of snow. But nobody told him it was *cold*.

It was icy to the touch. Kind of hard but he could squish it under his palm. It was fascinating. It melted back to water if Tommy held it for too long. But he could pack it together. Making a dense brick of it. And all he had to do was hit it and then bam! It smooshed and was soft again.

After Tommy's hands got unbearably cold, he started to step on it. Liking the crunching noise. Hopping up and down and stomping it as hard as he could. Sending the snow into the air.

Tommy was starting to shiver again. His teeth started to click together. He wrapped the cape around himself tighter. Hoping it would block out more of the cold. Tommy didn't get super duper cold when they were riding because Techno was like a furnace behind him. But the air was numbingly bitter. And his hands were still icy.

Techno was sitting on a dry rock next to the fire. Watching Tommy with his sharp red eyes. When he saw Tommy shiver, he opened his arms. The universal sign for 'I'm a bastard, come here and I'll warm you up.'

Tommy tried to grit his teeth together but they chattered instead. He muttered under his breath, “stupid, shitty, fucking hell, I hate you. I hate you,” as he scampered towards Techno. Pressing up against Techno and burying his face into the fur of Techno’s jacket.

Tommy felt Techno’s pleased chuff, and he scowled. But he didn’t push away. Techno really was the only warm thing around. It sucked but Tommy hated being cold. A lock of Tommy’s hair had fallen from his hat. And Techno’s fingers found it, twirling it between his thumb and forefinger.

“Have fun in the snow?” Techno asked, and Tommy grumbled under his breath and twisted his head away. “It’s good to get some exercise. We are going to try and race home before the snow gets too high.”

Tommy eyed the patch of snow he had destroyed. It was only a few inches deep. “How tall can it get?”

“Depends.” Techno shrugged. “We might be lucky and get a few feet.”

Feet? That was really deep. Could they even walk if it was that tall? How can the horse ride through it?

Tommy paused and then, regretting the question already, asked, “and if we are unlucky?”

“It can be taller than me.” Techno squeezed Tommy’s shoulder. It was... kind of comforting. Then he stood up. “We’ve got a long way to go. Eat up.”

Tommy did not like the snow after the second hour of it falling from the sky. It was the worst. Even more than *rain*. Snow was wet and it made the ground muddy or, once, *icy*. The horse slipped a little bit and Tommy’s heart still hadn’t returned to his chest. Staying in his throat the entire time.

He would deny it for the rest of his life, but Tommy absolutely did not grab Technoblade. He did not. In fact, maybe Tommy *pushed* Techno instead. That could’ve happened. Yeah.

The snow started to fall in sheets the closer they got to the mountains. And the cloak wasn’t helping. When the wind began to pick up, it felt like it was blowing right through Tommy.

Technoblade pulled Tommy closer. Forcing his frozen little body closer. Until Tommy was facing him instead of the winter storm, pressed up tight to his chest. And Techno threw the wolf pelt over his back. It blocked most of the wind and snow from sticking to Tommy.

Tommy tried to resist. Until he felt the warmth start to seep back. And he fell forwards into Techno. Resting his whole weight onto the man. Slowly the feeling came back to his nose and face. The gentle swaying of the horse plotting along and the heat made his head fuzzy again.

It felt too easy to sleep. He felt a little bit aware of the world, but it slipped around him. The strong heartbeat next to his ear. The rhythmic beat of the horse’s hooves on the ground.

Time slipped through his fingers like sand. Or perhaps, the snow. Light and soft.

Then everything stopped and it was suddenly difficult to open Tommy's eyes. There were weights on them. Holding them down. It was so much easier to just... slip back to sleep... but Tommy felt a brush of cold air against his cheek.

One eye cracked open. And then snapped shut. The orange light of the fire burned his sight. But it broke the drowsiness, and slowly Tommy gathered his senses.

There was a shadow looming over him. Tommy blinked at it before it made sense in his tired head. Rocks, broken and curved, were above him. A... cave. They were in a cave.

"Tryin' to wake up?" The voice rumbled next to Tommy's ear. Tommy's eyes slowly moved over to see Techno. The warm ground shifted slightly. Wait no. Techno was holding Tommy. Bundled up under the wolf pelt and cape and pressed up against Techno's chest like Tommy was a baby.

Tommy should care about that. Right? But he closed his eyes again. Before struggling to open them again a few moments later. And finally he let out a grunt.

"Should go back to sleep, Runt. We've got another day before we get home."

Tommy let out a soft questioning squeak. Technoblade leaned down and chuffed against his hat, and the noise was deeply soothing. Almost pushing Tommy back to sleep. But instead he let out an indignant snort. Hell no. Tommy never listened to piglins before and he wasn't going to start now.

"Such a spitfire." A finger trailed down Tommy's cheek. Gently rubbing at Tommy's pointed ear. "Phil is gonna love you. I might have snatched you originally for him, but I can't say I'm greedy too."

Tommy frowned, pursing his lips down and trying to squint and glare at Techno at the same time. He was angry about... the words. But Tommy didn't really know why. He let out a halfhearted growl that slowly trailed off. His eyes slid shut again.

Above him, Techno let out a huff of laughter. "I'm not very good with kids and knowin' what they need. Phil's always better at that than me. But you're a pretty simple kid."

Was that an insult? Tommy could do better. His face scrunching up but Techno rested a hand over his eyes.

"Go back to your hibernation, Runt. It's tough when you're young. Save your energy. Honestly I thought you would've conked it out a couple days ago. But you're stubborn. I like that about you." Techno murmured. "Once we get home I'll join you. And we can nap together for a few weeks. Then you can tear and bite Phil's furniture."

Tommy snorted and squeaked. Turning his head to the side and limply resting his head into Techno's palm. Letting it rest there. It was dry and warm. Techno chuffed at him again, pleased.

“You’ll finally imprint while we hibernate together, kiddo. Can’t wait to see it. Now go back to sleep.” Techno spoke firmly but it was warm and tender.

Tommy couldn’t argue against it. Sleep claimed him easily.

Techno knew that he was in for an earful when he got home. Truthfully, he should’ve been home weeks ago. Before the storms even hit. His own hibernation could be put off, but it made him feel sick afterwards. Even now, with a runt in his arms, he could feel it pulling on him.

Phil was going to have his head. Techno was hoping that having a new runt to fill the avian’s nest would put off the lecture until *after* he hibernated. A bonus on top of everything else.

Carl snorted under him, picking up the pace. Recognizing their surroundings. Techno reached one hand down and pet his horse on his flank. Then it returned to curl around the precious prize bundled up tight. The soft exhale of the Runt made Techno’s ears flick forward. Most of his attention is on the boy, narrowing in on Tommy and barely paying attention to his surroundings.

Techno knew they were fine. Phil often patrolled this area. And they were days away from any settlement. He let his guard fall when Carl walked into their territory.

His fingers itched to fling the hat off of the Runt and dip into the gold. The lovely blonde hair. It was the exact shade. Phil had a pretty decent shade of gold too, but it was just a hair too light. More silverish than blonde. Wilbur would tease Phil that he was getting too old. But Techno could spend hours braiding Phil’s hair, chuffing and snorting with contentment. It was one of his favorite activities.

And now Tommy would join them. Draping the runt with Techno’s hoard and watching Tommy’s pupils expand as the goldlust hit him. Techno couldn’t wait until the boy’s hair was long enough. He had waited nearly the entire ride home. When it evidently got too chilly for the runt to go without it, it was hard for Techno to keep his hands to himself.

Carl let out a snort and broke into a canter. Turning the last corner until the cabin appeared. It was an odd building. Having to work in Phil’s need to sleep up high and Wilbur’s intolerance to sunlight. There was a tower, for Phil’s nest to reside in. And the rest was large and boxy. The result of many additions being built onto the house without really any care for the aesthetic of it.

For a moment, Techno wondered if they had to build a new addition for his runt. Then he quickly discarded it. Tommy would live in his den. There was enough space. And the massive fireplace they installed would help during hibernation months.

Carl beelined for the barn. Ready to rest just as much as Techno did. It took only a handful of minutes to put Carl in his stall and brush him down. Leaving him to relax with a bag of oats to munch on.

Truthfully, Techno knew he was going to be late a month ago. He had made the last minute decision to make his way down south to the warmer lands to get Phil the spices he loves. Techno knew the lecture was coming a long time ago. But he still wasn't ready for it.

If he was lucky, Techno could distract Phil with Tommy. Awaiaans loved kids. Although the thought of Phil taking Tommy away made his grip on his runt tighten. Then he loosened his hands.

Techno's hibernation was getting to him. Making him on edge.

The trek to the cabin from the barn was blissfully short. Techno trudging through knee high snow. It was far too high for the kid to walk through easily. The porch groaned under his weight and the door hinges squeaked slightly as he opened it. And Techno breathed in the familiar and comforting scent of his sounder.

Soon the smell would change. Adding in another scent to the mix. Techno couldn't wait. Knowing they were all his, and vice versa.

The bundle in his arms didn't stir. Even as Techno fumbled taking his boots off one handed. Leaving the snow encrusted shoes by the door to melt the rest of the way.

Phil was sitting on the couch. His wings curled around his shoulders. Arms folded. Not even sparing Techno a glance.

Techno paused in the doorway. Resigned.

"Three weeks late." Phil spoke, his voice low. "No note. No message. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

Techno shuffled his still frozen feet. The socks were a bit worn. Still darned from the last time Phil got his hands on them. "Got you something."

Phil's lips pursed. "I would rather have a letter telling me you'll be late. Instead of wondering if you were dead in a ditch somewhere." His feathers ruffled. Agitated.

Ah, Phil was getting really worked up now. Quick. Before he got furious.

Techno crossed the room and knelt down next to Phil. Shifting to the side and offering the bundle up like an offering to a god. Which, technically, was true.

"What is this?" Phil frowned. But he was intrigued. Good. Very good. Techno pulled back the wolf pelt until his runt's face was exposed. Watching Phil intently.

Phil shifted from anger to awe within a few moments. His pupils expanding. His jaw dropping and a soft breathy coo appeared as he exhaled. He leaned down, brushing a finger against the runt's pink cheeks. "Who is this?" He asked, his voice soft and full of wonder.

"Tommy. He's hibernatin'." Techno grunted out, reaching out to finally take off Tommy's worn out hat. Revealing the golden locks he's wanted to touch for so long. And now he could. The cabin was safe. And his den was a room over. Techno ran his fingers through

Tommy's hair. His fingers gently caught on knots, but he didn't pull. Just simply touching it made him feel better.

Later, they will brush it out. For now, Techno was ready to drop.

Phil let out another crooning coo, fingers trailing around Tommy's face. Memorizing Tommy's soft features. "He's a little one."

"A spitfire too. When he's awake. He'll keep you on your toes." Techno added, and watched as Phil's wings fluttered.

Phil's face softened, and a soft smile graced his face. Techno chuffed automatically. His sounder was pleased with his runt.

"I can't wait." Phil spoke, then glanced up at Techno. "This is not getting you out of the lecture."

Ah. Drat.

"But, that can wait. I can see you're ready to fall over." Phil pulled Tommy from Techno's arms. The boy barely twitched. But Techno gave a small distressed snort. "Go put on dry clothes. I'll take care of Tommy. We can talk after you wake up."

Techno trusted Phil. And he pried himself off of the floor, stumbling to his den. Shedding his layers as he went. Phil tutting behind him at the mess. But Techno was tired. His instincts told him he was safe, and it was time to finally rest. And it dragged him down. The warmth lulling him into a sense of security.

His hibernation was hitting him quickly. Techno wasn't that surprised. Especially since he wouldn't be the only one resting for the next few weeks. He looked forward to having his runt in his arms the entire time.

When he was finally dressed in dry warm clothes, still smelling like Techno and the soap Phil liked to use when cleaning, Techno dropped into his den. It was similar to Phil's nest. But the ceiling was lower, making the space feel smaller and safer. A large amount of blankets covered the soft mattress. And there was a fire already flickering at the foot of the bed.

Phil was holding Tommy. The wolf pelt and cape were gone. And the boy was wearing too large clothes. The pink in his cheeks faded as the nip from the cold disappeared. And Techno let out a pleased rumble at the sight of his sounder.

Wilbur was missing. But Techno was sure Wilbur would stop soon. He lived not too far away. Insisting on making his own home. As if they didn't have enough space already here.

Phil placed Tommy in Techno's arms. And Techno couldn't stop himself. Burying his face into Tommy's curls. Snorting and chuffing with happiness as Phil pulled the thick pile of blankets over them.

"Sweet dreams." Phil reached down and patted Techno on the head. "See you in a couple of weeks, Tech."

Techno huffed out a happy noise. Purring with contentment. Reaching one hand up and trying to tug Phil into his den. But Phil caught his hand and put it back down with a knowing smile.

Then something else caught Techno's attention. A slight, small little noise. Coming from the small boy in his arms.

Tommy was purring too. Curled up in Techno's arms, his face relaxed from sleep. And Techno couldn't help but grin.

Yes, Tommy was going to fit right in. His runt, all snuggled up in his arms. Techno had made the right choice. And soon enough, Tommy will figure it out too.

Eventually.

End Notes

DO NOT ASK FOR MORE CONTENT. THIS IS A ONE SHOT. IT IS COMPLETE. DO NOT DEMAND MORE AFTER I SPENT HOURS WRITING THIS.

For Toovski! Thanks for letting me be your secret santa this year. Ya'll should go check out the other wonderful fics in the collection! So many cool people participated this year.

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the [discord link](#).

Bc twitter is dead, here is my offical tumblr you can send me asks on. [My Tumblr](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!